Which 1400. yeeres agoe were nail'd,
For our aduantage on the bitter Croſſe:
But this our purpoſe is but twelue months old,
And booteleſſe 'tis to tell you we will goe.
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Couſin *Weſtmerland*,
What yeſternight our Councell did decree,
In forwarding his deare expedience.

Weſt. My Liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the charge ſet downe
But yeſternight, when all athwart, there came
A Poſt from *Wales*, loaden with heauy newes;
Whoſe worſt was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herfordſhire*, to fight
Againſt the irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welſhman taken,
A thouſand of his people butchered:
Vpon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly ſhameleſſe transformation
By thoſe Welſh-women done, as may not be
Without much ſhame, retold or ſpoken of.

King. It ſeemes then, that the tydings of this broyle
Brake off our buſineſſe for the Holy-land.

Weſt. This match with other like, my Gracious Lord,
Far more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotſpur* there
Yong *Harry Percy*, and braue *Archibald*,
That euery valiant and approued *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did ſpend
A ſad and bloody houre:
As by diſcharge of their Artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take Horſe,
Vncertane of the iſſue any way.

King. Here is a deare, and true induſtrious friend,
Sir *Water Blunt*, new lighted from his Horſe,

Stain'd

Stain'd with the variations of each ſoyle,
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this ſeate of ours;
And he hath brought vs ſmooth and welcome new
The Earle of *Dowglas* is diſcomfited,
Ten thouſand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights
Balkt in their owne blood, did ſir *Walter* ſee
On *Holmedon* plaine: of priſoners *Hotſpur* took
Mordake Earle of *Fife*, and eldeſt ſonne
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earle of *Athole*,
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*:
And is not this an honorable ſpoyle?
A gallant prize? Ha, Couſin, is it not? In fayth it is.

Weſt. A Conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſin
In enuy, that my Lord *Northumberland*
Should be the Father of ſo bleſt a Sonne,
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue,
Amongſt a Groue, the very ſtraighteſt Plant,
Who is ſweete Fortunes Minion, and her pride,
Whil'ſt I by looking on the prayſe of him,
See Ryot and diſhonour ſtaine the brow
Of my yong *Harry*. O that it could be prou'd
That ſome night-tripping *Fairy* had exchang'd
In cradle cloathes our children where they lay,
And cal'd mine *Percy*, his Plantaginet,
Then would I haue his *Harry*, and hee mine:
But let him from my thoughts: What thinke you,
Of this yong *Percies* pride? The Priſoners,
Which he in this aduenture hath ſurprizde,
To his owne vſe he keepes, and ſends me word,
I ſhall haue none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.

Weſt. This is his Vnkles teaching, this is *Worceſter*
Malecuolent to you in all aſpects:
Which makes him prune himſelfe, and briſtle vp
The creſt of Youth againſt your dignity.

King. But I haue ſent for him to anſwere this:
And for this cauſe a while we muſt neglect
Our holy purpoſe to *Ieruſalem*.